

The Blue Ribbon.

Mellow autumn sunlight smiled in between the muslin curtains. Upon the spotless yellow floor knelt Mary Arnold, her blue eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed, her yellow hair tumbled.

"Have we ever had a better display, mother?" she asked the little woman in the arm chair. "Oh, I don't see how we can fail to take every blue ribbon!"

"Never be too sure, dear," answered Mrs. Arnold caustically.

"But mother, we know what all the neighbors are going to take, and none of them have anything to compare with these. We have had the best display for the past ten years, and this surpasses them all."

"She flouted with jealous care a bit of clay from the enormous yellow side of a pumpkin."

"I'll polish the apples and pack the eggs, and then everything is ready that we can do tonight. I do hope we will get everything there safely."

Indeed it was a goodly display of vegetables and fruits scattered about the big kitchen and over the porch. In the cool pantry stood the cans of clearest fruits, jars of preserves and loaves of cake and bread for which Mrs. Arnold and her daughter were famous.

In the sitting room in packages waited the quilts with their exquisite stitches, the woven counterpanes, the knitted lace of the mother's making, and the more modern products of the daughter's clever fingers. The Potter Township Fair was a notable agricultural meeting, of which the Arnold display was always the most famous part.

"I love this dear old farm better than anything else in the whole world, mother," cried the girl, pausing suddenly at the door to look out over the rolling acres.

"You and father must take the things to the fair in the morning, and I will keep house. I've made up my mind not to go until Wednesday, when the prizes will be awarded. I want to see the blue ribbons all in place at my first glance!"

"Well, you do beat me, Mary," said Mrs. Arnold. "I never knew you to be so possessed over the fair before. I only hope you will not be disappointed."

"Didn't I tell you, mother?" whispered Mary excitedly as they made the tour of the crowded booths on Wednesday. "There is a prize on nearly everything we brought! Have you been through the culinary department?"

Here, too, flaunting blue and red tickets marked their display. Their cakes were the lightest, their bread the whitest, their preserves the clearest.

"I never saw you so possessed," repeated Mrs. Arnold, wonderingly.

"I never was, mother," answered Mary with a low laugh. "I suppose it is because I'm just beginning to turn into an old maid. Let's go over to the vegetable building."

In the center of the room on a table rested a huge pumpkin with a blue card conspicuous against its yellow bulk.

"Why, that's Mary," that is not our pumpkin! Brief search disclosed their own, looking forlornly insignificant in a quiet corner.

"Whose can it be?" she whispered disconsolately.

"And these are not our eggs, mother," pausing over the prize boxes. Their apples and small fruits held first place as usual, but not one of the vegetables had taken a prize.

"I only wish I knew who brought them. Let's look at the stock and poultry and go home."

"Why, Mary Arnold, I really believe you are selfish! We've taken more than our share of prizes now. Wait here until I go speak to father a minute."

"Did you ever see such a pumpkin?" said a voice close by. Mary turned to see two women whom she knew only by sight standing near. "Do you know whose it is? The Arnold's, I suppose, they always do get everything!"

"No, this isn't their's. Myron Hewitt brought it, and nearly all these prize vegetables."

"Myron Hewitt!" cried the woman, surprised.

"Myron Hewitt!" echoed Mary indignantly, with an uncomfortable triumphing of her heart.

"Yes, you never saw such a change in a fellow in all your life. You know the Hewitts have always been kind of shiftless and things were dreadfully run-down when they fell to Myron."

"The first year or two he worked just as his father always had, and whatever changed him none of us can figure out!"

"But last fall he built fences and plowed until I guess the farm was just plumb surprised into waking up. He worked all winter in the woods and fixing up the buildings."

"Then this spring he hired his sister and her husband to work for him, and he's just getting a model place up there."

"Isn't there some girl in it?" suggested the woman shrilly.

"Well, yes, I guess maybe there is. We thought a year or so ago that it was Mary Arnold, but that ended before he set to work. Now it seems to be the teacher up at the Corners; she's a real nice girl, too."

Mary slipped away unnoticed. So it was Myron who was taking the prizes away from her? And he was making a model place for his run-down hill

arm? And the Corners' teacher was a nice girl!

"Father says he hasn't taken much of anything on the stock," interrupted Mrs. Arnold. "Do you care to go and see them?"

"Who did get the prizes?" demanded Mary.

"He says Myron Hewitt took nearly everything, Mary. I can't understand it. We used to think he wasn't as good a manager, somehow, as he ought to be."

"Certainly I wish to see them," cried Mary, her voice sharp and clear. "If there is anything better than we have we must find out about it."

"Mary!" exclaimed a young man coming toward her with outstretched hand. "I've looked everywhere for you. Will you come with me—I want to show you my stock."

Mary followed with a sinking heart.

"He is going to show me that I was mistaken," she whispered. "I do not blame him, but it is hard to admit it, now!"

"I know you are interested in these things, and I'm proud of my record. It means something to beat the Arnolds!" He smiled at her frankly.

"Do you mind telling me what you did to the pumpkin?" she asked.

"That is a secret I shall disclose only to my business partner."

"Come, what do you think of my Jerseys?"

Mary stroked the gentle creatures admiringly, watching how they crowded toward her young owner.

"That indicates a good care-taker," she said gently.

At sound of her voice a soft brown nose was stretched toward her from the next stall.

"Why Molly," she cried. "I do believe she remembers me, Myron!"

"Of course she remembers," he answered quietly. "She always wants to turn at your corner."

Mary remained silent, fondling the horse's face.

"And I remember, too, Mary!"

"Oh, no," cried Mary, thinking of the "real nice" girl who taught the Corner school.

"I felt pretty hard at first, dear, because you criticised my way of living. I thought if you loved me you wouldn't mind leaving a good home for a poor one."

"And then I began understanding it needn't be poor and run-down and neglected. I had strength and brains if I cared to use them."

"If I have worked hard I have enjoyed it. I believe in success, now. I determined to have a better display than you in anything I could manage on such short notice. And I have done it! I determined to have the best stock in the township, and I've taken first in everything I brought! I determined to fix up the place and to marry—to have a wife and a home to be proud of; and I'm going to have that wish, too, Mary!"

The hand that fondled Molly's appreciative nose trembled.

"Mary," said Myron Hewitt placing himself between her and the people at the far end of the line of stalls, "don't you see I have done it all for you? Don't you believe, dear, if you will help me, we can beat the Arnold display all through next year?"

"We—we can try," whispered Mary Arnold.

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MOST ANCIENT OF MEN

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ENGLAND ARE INTERESTING.

Flint Implements Made Before the Glacial Period of Europe Are Found by an Eminent Archaeologist in Suffolk.

The new discovery in regard to ancient man (of which I am able to speak with full confidence since I have studied the specimens and the localities myself, and have just sent an illustrated account of the implements to the Royal Society) is that of flint implements of very definite and peculiar shape, in some abundance, in a bed at the base of what geologists class as a Pliocene deposit (that is, before the Pleistocene), namely, the "Red Crag" of Suffolk. We owe this most important discovery entirely to Mr. J. Reid Moir of Ipswich, who found his first specimens in October, 1909, and after a year's careful examination of the district and the finding of more specimens in crag pits ten miles and more around Ipswich, announced it in a letter to the Times in October, 1910. Now that another year has passed more specimens have been found and the matter is beyond dispute.

Two distinguished geologists, past presidents of the Geological Society, have certified that the bed in which Mr. Moir's flints are obtained is certainly the undisturbed basement bed of the Red Crag, so that they may be justly spoken of as due to the work of pre-crag man.

The implements are not at all like those previously known. They are not flattened, almond-shaped, or kite-like (elongated, triangular or leaf-shaped), as are the large Paleolithic implements (the Chellean, Acheulean and Moustierian) hitherto known. But they are shaped like the beak of an eagle, compressed from side to side with a keel or ridge extending from the front point backward. Their shape may be compared to the hull of a boat with its keel turned upward and its beak-like prow in front. They are from four to ten inches in length, and all have been fabricated by a few well-directed blows given to an oblong piece of flint so as to knock off great pieces right and left, leaving a keel in the middle, while the lower face is trimmed flat.

These implements are, in fact, beaked hammer heads—probably used in the hand without hafting—and applied to the smoothing and "dressing" of skins, as well as other purposes. Some are more symmetrical and carefully "trimmed" than others. With these, which I call "eagle's beak" implements, or the "rostricarnate type," are found a few other large and heavy sculptured flints of very curious shape (like picks and axes) unlike any hitherto known, but certainly and without the least doubt chipped into shape by man.

The flint implements—our eagle's beaks made by men in the relatively warm Coralline Crag days—were actually carried off the land by an ice sheet and deposited in the earliest layers of the Red Crag deposit. The irrefragable proof of this is that very many of the eagle's beak flints are scratched and scored on their smooth surfaces by those peculiar cross-running grooves which we find on a pebble from a glacier's "moraine," or stone heap. Nothing but the immense pressure of the stones embedded in one sheet of ice, rasping by slow movement other stones embedded in another sheet of ice over which the first very slowly advances, can produce these markings.

The Red Crag marks the beginning of the Pleistocene and of the glacial condition of North Europe. A great question, difficult of decision, is whether the earliest river gravels which we know in England and France were as early as the Red Crag, overlying which are vast marine deposits of glacial sands and clays. In any case Mr. Moir's flint implements are pre-Crag; they were made before the glacial conditions set in, and are quite unlike those found in the river gravels. The discovery is one which will profoundly interest the "prehistorians" of France and Germany, as well as English archaeologists and geologists.—London Times.

Girls That Smoke.

Apropos of the Ritz-Carlton, New York's fashionable hotel that permits ladies to smoke, Mme. Simone, the Parisian actress, said the other day: "Well, why shouldn't ladies smoke? There's nothing ungraceful in the habit. On the contrary, to see a pretty woman with a cigarette is a very charming picture. "Those who object to smoking among women have never, perhaps, seen smoking done decorously. Their idea of smoking is that of the old Provencal woman. "A society girl, calling on this old woman in her cottage, took a cigarette from her gold case, fitted it in a tube of amber, and said: "You don't mind if I smoke, do you? "Why, of course not, dearie! Of course not!" said the old woman. "Jeanne," she added to her servant, "go fetch a spittoon!"

On Second Thought.

"You know," said the Chinese philosopher, "that our nation really invented gunpowder." "Yes," replied the court official, "and when I see the trouble we are having I can't help thinking it was rather foolish of us."

HE DIDN'T MAKE THE CALL

The Office Boy Left "Higgins" No Alternative but to "Beat It" and He Did.

During the recent visit to New York of Robert S. Hichens, the English novelist, he wished to call upon the managing editor of a Park Row paper. Just at that time any paper one picked up had an interview with Hichens. Besides, the editor and he were friends. So that Hichens—not having experienced the Park Row office boy—thought he would have no difficulty in invading the sanctum. "Take—haw—my card to the managing editor," said he to the office boy.

That grimy functionary holds his job by seeing to it that not one card in ten presented to him ever gets anywhere. He casts a coldly suspicious eye upon the novelist. The latter was dolled up in his Peccadilly clothes, carried a cane, wore spats, and shot a monochrome from his right eye in astonishment at the urchin's impertinence. "Whadda yuh wants see him fur?" asked the boy.

Mr. Hichens tried to wither the boy. Only unwitherable boys last on Park Row. He ordered the boy to go in with that card. The boy said in New Yorkese that there would be nothing doing until he found out why Hichens wanted to see the editor. Mr. Hichens had an inspiration. "I am an English journalist," said he. "Give my card and tell him that I wish to write a series of articles on New York for his paper."

The boy disappeared behind a screen. Mr. Hichens smiled happily at the thought of the merry laughter with which his friend, the editor, would receive the statement. Pretty soon Mr. Hichens heard the voice of the office boy. "Guy out here named Higgins," said the boy, "says he wants a job."

The voice of an unseen and hard worked man replied that no jobs were open to any Higginses. The boy handed a thumb smudged card back to Mr. Hichens. "Nothin' doin'," said he, indifferently, and buried himself in his late edition.

"But—" began Mr. Hichens, indignantly.

"G'wan, now," said the boy, brusquely. "Beat it, Higgins."

And so Mr. Hichens did.

Women Pearl Divers. The pearl divers of Japan are all— or nearly all—women. Along the shores of the Bay of Ago and the Bay of Kokasho, says the Oriental Review, the thirteen and fourteen year old girls, after they have finished their primary school work, go to sea and learn to dive. They are in the water and learn to swim almost from babyhood, and spend most of their time in the water, except in the coldest season, from the

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end of December to the beginning of February. Even during the most inclement of seasons they sometimes dive for pearls. They wear a special dress, white underwear, and the hair twisted up into a hard knot. The eyes are protected by glasses to prevent the entrance of water. Tubs are suspended from the waist.

A boat in command of a man is assigned to every five or ten women divers to carry them to and from the fishing grounds. When the divers arrive on the grounds they leap into the water at once, and begin to gather oysters at the bottom. The oysters are dropped in to the tubs hung from their waists.

When these vessels are filled the divers are raised to the surface and jump into the boats. They dive to a depth of from 5 to 30 fathoms without any special apparatus, and retain their breath from one to three minutes. Their ages vary from thirteen to forty years, and between twenty-five and thirty-five they are in their prime.

From Behind Prison Walls.

Not long ago a story drifted down from Sing Sing about one of the colony of local bankers now doing time, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times Star. The banker had a caller, who had been of service during the trial. The caller had then learned to regard the judged financier with an affection which was not reciprocated.

"I want to see Mr. Banker," said the caller to a keeper.

"Write your name on a card and I'll take it in," said the keeper. "And what do you think," said the caller to a friend, on his return to the city. "That keeper brought my card back to me. 'Sorry, sir,' said he, 'but Mr. Banker isn't at home today.'"

A complimentary yarn is the one now told of "P. K." Connaughton, who for years has been principal keeper at Sing Sing. The other day Connaughton told a prisoner to drop a bag of onions he was carrying at the door, and come into the keeper's office to be questioned about some recent offense. The prisoner stood the cross-examination well. When the prisoner and "P. K." came out the bag was there, but the onions had disappeared. "By thunder," said "P. K.," "there's a thief in this place."

'Twas Ever Thus.

"Now, by me halldome!" stormed Sir Michael De Byte, pausing in the donning of his clothes, "t'was a neglectful and slatternly housewife I got when I wed thee!"

"What krketh thee, Mike dear?" asked his trembling spouse.

"What krketh, quotha! There be three rivets out of my clean shirt of mail!"

And she was fain to weep softly as he smote her with his mace.

Overcoming the Grouch. A grouch prospect doesn't seem half so grouch when you stand right up to him and state your proposition in a fearless manner.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Many Good People this Spring

"Cannot afford to be sick." Their earnings are so small they must be careful to keep their expenses down. They know by experience the great usefulness of Hood's Sarsaparilla in preventing disease by building up the system, and they show "common sense" in taking this great proprietary medicine for their run-down condition at this time.

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Take Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring.

"My daughter was confined to her bed for seven or eight weeks with fever, and after the fever left, her stomach was troubled with sores in her mouth and stomach, and a painful swelling in one of her limbs. She was also very weak. I concluded to give her

Hood's Sarsaparilla, as I had done once before. She soon began to improve. The severe sores and cramps in her mouth and stomach, and a painful recommend Hood's to build up the system." D. W. Seay, R. F. D. No. 5, Lebanon, Tenn.

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